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The God of Mountain Hollows and Migrant Camps

TALKING WITH THE LORD

Robert Coles

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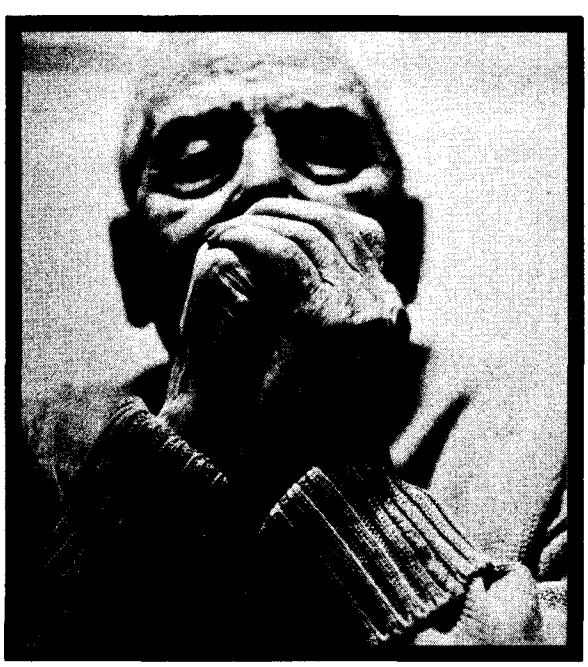

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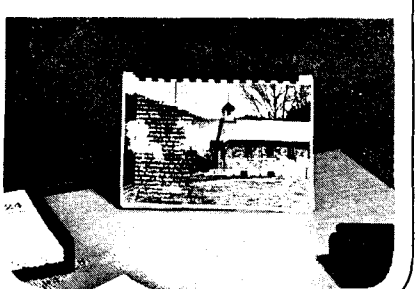
PRESENTING THE N.C.R. DAYBOOK 1970

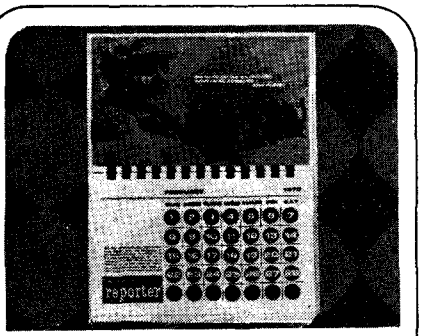
The 1970 N.C.R. Daybook begins simply, quietly. No fanfare. It's from a tradition that emphasizes content.

Open the page to bonus number one! A full page of unique peel-off "Golden Reminders" for tabulating special family occasions throughout the year—and that includes birthdays and those easy-to-forget anniversaries, too!

On to page one. You'll probably be tempted to dwell here too long, or even stop and hang this on your wall or place it on your desk. No wonder, it's the kind of page that calls for reflection.



The N.C.R. Daybook not only helps you keep tabs on the days in your life, it'll help you keep tabs on how you live your life—positively, cheerfully, and with courage . . . the kind of courage characterized by Cardinal Leo Suenens as "daily fidelity to the Holy Spirit at work, pushing us to speak and to act when silence, compromise and immobilism would be so comfortable and easy."



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Once you've seen January, you'll want to thumb through the entire calendar. No stopping until you've seen it all. Each month blends strikingly processed photos with the touch of the poet and the taste of the artist. And each month makes a point, too, but in such a way as to brighten your day with a positive note. Like we said on the cover: It's for Christians who want to make things different in 1970.

The N.C.R. Daybook is what concerned people need to help reinforce their determination to build a new kind of history. And it doesn't end with December. Besides important addresses and dates, there are two special memorial photos for your desk. We're betting you'll like them enough to slip them into frames.

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"... we thought we wouldn't be labelled 'dirty Indians' anymore."

— *Deborah Rooks*

Deborah is a Sioux Indian high school girl who is tired of hearing Indians called "dirty," "lazy," "savage" — or any of the other epithets hurled at her people. And she's sick at heart from seeing other Indians her age who have been taught to be **ashamed they are Indians.** She knows all of this is cruelly wrong.

Because . . . Deborah knows the history and heritage of her people — a heritage rich in cultural values our confused society could do well to borrow. She understands the problems of her people and knows why she has a rightful pride in her Indian ancestry. She knows all this better than most Indians do, because this is part of her education at Red Cloud Indian School.

But, she wonders, do you know? Does anyone know, or even care? She revealed the depth of her feelings — and echoed those of her classmates — when she wrote about the late Senator Robert Kennedy's visit to our school:

> "I remember April 16, 1968 very clearly. It was a chilly, cloudy day, and all of us were waiting outside for Mr. Kennedy. When he came I felt sorry for him. He looked tired and sad, yet he kept smiling. He told us of our Indian heritage. He spoke of the good in the Indian people. It looked as though some of the kids were going to cry. He made us feel proud of our race, not ashamed. There were faraway looks in the eyes of the kids around me. Each face held a different look. Some were looking at him in awe, others with hope, others with faith. They felt that someone had finally realized we are here, someone who could help us was going to help us, and not push us away. He knew we cared, and we knew he cared, and we wouldn't be labelled 'dirty Indians' anymore."

Few people realize the terrible hurt our society has dealt to Indian youths. In movies, on TV — and even in some school books — they are vilified and humiliated. In some Indian schools they are taught to look down on their own people. They grow up ashamed, many believing that perhaps Indians are inferior. Yet the FACT is they are as intelligent, as capable and as talented as any other children anywhere. And more perceptive than most. All they need **is a chance.**

Robert Kennedy visiting with a Sioux Indian boy in his home on the Pine Ridge Reservation.

That is why I beg for them. They desperately need our help, and I need your help to keep this school going. This is the nation's largest private school for Indian children. We take in more than 500 Sioux children each year, from pre-school through high school. Over half are boarders. They learn everything your kids learn — plus special studies to help them understand Indian problems and adjust to the world the white man has forced on them. With love, understanding and guidance we restore their human dignity and build their self-confidence. Anything you can send helps buy food, clothing, books, equipment. $5, $10, $20 — any amount you can spare helps these native American boys and girls get the same chance in life other American children get. Believe me, no one deserves it more.

— ***Father Ted Zuern, S. J.***

RED CLOUD INDIAN SCHOOL

Pine Ridge, South Dakota 57770

Dear Father Zuern: I want to help you in your work at Red Cloud Indian School. I enclose $_____ to help feed, clothe and educate your Sioux Indian children.

Name_____
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NEWS & VIEWS

Living for the Moment

Ecological horror stories have become a dime a dozen. In California, excess nitrogen in the drinking water is threatening infants with methemoglobinemia. In the Pacific, the starfish—running wild since shell collectors and pesticides have gotten to the giant triton—is devouring the coral reefs which provide numerous islands their essential protection against the tides.

Everywhere you turn there's a scary story.

But nothing quite matches the tale of Cornell scientist LaMont C. Cole about the elimination of the malaria-carrying mosquito from Borneo.

The island was sprayed with DDT. Fine, except the DDT killed the mosquitos but not the roaches. The roaches accumulated DDT in their bodies. Geckoe lizards ate the roaches and the DDT from the roaches disturbed the nervous system of the lizards, The lizards lost much of their agility. Cats feasted on the lizards and died. The cat population down, rats moved in from the forests, bringing with them worries about a plague. So cats were parachuted into villages to snare the rats. The cats did their job, but in the meanwhile roofs of houses started caving in. For suddenly there weren't enough lizards roaming the floor and walls of huts to eat the caterpillars which feed on roof thatching.

They've got malaria under control in Borneo, but everything else it seems has gone out of whack.

But that's Borneo, you say. Sure it is. But don't think something similar couldn't happen here. Dr. Barry Commoner of Washington University (Mo.) warns that the U.S. has about one generation to reverse its "suicidal" ecological course, then it's point of no return. You appreciate the extent of the problem when you reflect on the statement of HEW Secretary Robert Finch that if the use of DDT were ended tomorrow, it would be 10 years or longer before the environment purged itself of the chemical.

And, of course, DDT is only part of the trouble. There's automobile exhaust and the upsetting of nitrogen quotients in the atmosphere; there's the drainage which turns our rivers into open, running sewers; there's the chemical fertilizers which pollute underground water reserves.

The list is as long as the consequences are harrowing to contemplate.

The interest of the HEW Secretary in the ecological time bomb buoys hopes that the corner has been turned, that in the U.S. at least people will come to their senses about preserving nature's balances. But don't count on it. Dr. Commoner notwithstanding, the situation may already be beyond recovery. And we doubt if many give a damn.

A Maryknoller Marries

Kind of refreshing, the reaction of Maryknoll's superior to the decision of missionary Daniel McLellan to laicize and marry.

Father John McCormack wrote the widely known American pioneer of housing and loan cooperatives in Peru:

"Your career has been a hectic one, many-faceted, exposing you to experiences that most of us ordinary men could never have known. You have known the hovels of the poor and the drawing rooms of the great and the influential. Under God's providential design, all that could not have been without purpose.

"You have brought renown to the church and Maryknoll in Latin America, and Maryknoll has profited from the M.M. after your name. Good is difficult to measure, but all your efforts as a Maryknoller could not have been without good effects through the years.

"I want you to know, therefore, that the Society is grateful and deeply indebted to you. Both the church and Maryknoll have benefited from your priestly presence and zeal in Latin America."

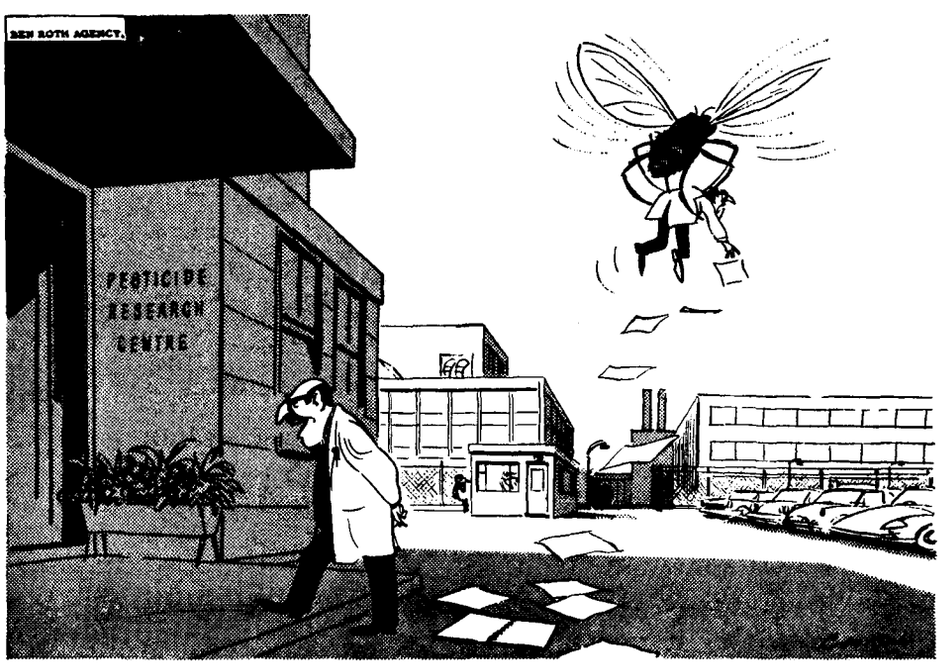
That's the sort of Christian magnanimity which, were it common, would have spared many a heartache and kept many a situation from passing from the difficult to the impossible. Father McCormack's is an example for peers to mark.

Odds and Ends

—Guess who called first to congratulate Madam Attorney General on her addlepated comments about husband John and "liberal Communists"? Dear friend Dorothy Haynsworth. Did someone say "birds of a feather"?

—Nixon has his worries mixed, according to Nicholas von Hoffman in the *Washington Post*. "He says he won't be the first President to lose a war when what he risks is becoming the first President to lose America."

—Mrs. William I. Kaufman speaks glowingly of her husband's *Catholic Cookbook*. "Billy was inspired to do that one, because he realized that there were recipes that, just like works of art, were inspired by religious devotion." Alas, she added, Catholics resisted it. "They didn't believe they had a cuisine." Which proves all over again, of course, that Catholics have no taste. JOHN DEEDY



Cookson—London Daily Mail

"Now, about this super-fly nonsense, Sullivan. . . ."

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CORRESPONDENCE

Politics and Economics

Evanston, Ill.

To the Editors: Richard B. Du Boff's provocative "Whatever Happened to the 'New Economics'?" [Oct. 24] errs in finding "the 'new economics' secure in its reputation." And there lies a tragedy within the tragedy of co-option by the military-industrial complex: in selling its soul, the New Economics has lost its reputation.

As one long loyal to the Keynesian banner, I see this as sad for the profession and for the country. For the New Economics has had an important message, too long unheeded: that a modern, capitalistic, free enterprise economy does not automatically guarantee full employment but that a benevolent government with wise fiscal policy can bring us close to attainment of that goal. And it can do so, possibly not without some inflation, but at least with an upward creep of prices which could realistically be expected to prove bearable.

The policy arguments should be easy to understand. If employment is low because total or "aggregate" demand for production is inadequate, government can supplement that demand directly by buying more goods and services itself or indirectly by cutting taxes so that private individuals and business can buy more. Conversely, if aggregate demand for production at current prices is too high, so that prices are being driven up, reductions in government expenditures for goods and services or increases in taxes which discourage current spending by the private sector may be expected to damp the fires of inflation.

As well related by Du Boff, these truths have been distorted by the unfortunate history of indifference, if not enthusiasm, on the part of some New Economists regarding the use of their doctrines and their skills and their reputations on behalf of political ends

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GOING BEYOND MYLAI 4

It was a sobering sequence of events: Vice President Agnew defining the American hero to an ecstatic Montgomery audience, not as the man of conscience who witnessed for peace by opposing the war, but as the man who equated peace with soldiering in Vietnam; then, the much-maligned media, in a performance worthy of commendation in Commons (but not Washington), exploding the conclusive evidence that the alleged hero could also be bestial automaton, brutalizing friend as well as foe, killing civilian aged and infant, male and female, in the style of the worst tyrants of history.

The revelation should not have come as a complete surprise. Indications have abounded for a long time of the erosion of human sensibilities among Americans in Vietnam. Likewise, the reports of atrocities—around Ba Lang An, in Aunag Nam province, on Hill 192 in the Bong Son valley—were disturbingly insistent and too credible to be dismissed much longer as mere propaganda or the actions of soldiers who cracked under pressure. But not until the terrible story of Mylai 4 filtered through the wraps of government secrecy and military cover-up was the country confronted with the hard fact that "our boys," a strong cross-section of them at least, were as dehumanized as an SS Storm Trooper; that, indeed, they were cold-blooded murderers.

The situation is tragic beyond words, yet was anything else to be expected? Was it possible that young men could be hurled into an immoral war, taught to destroy crops, burn villages and engage in indiscriminate slaughter without their moral fiber being devastated? No one should have expected so. There is no mystery about what a nation does to its soul and the lives of its young men when it commands as a matter of course,then honors, deeds which decent men everywhere reject. History is full of warnings; so is current literature. Clergy and Laymen Concerned was most emphatic on the point two years ago in its book *In the Name of America.* But Americans have never been careful readers.

So where are we now? The White House, through a press secretary, labels the "alleged incident" abhorrent to the conscience of the American people, and adds that what happened at Mylai 4 "should not be allowed to reflect" on the Vietnam veteran. Still, Mylai 4, Hill 192 and further atrocities being hinted at, not by Hanoi but by members of Congress, must reflect on someone, and if not the GI, present or ex, who and what? Representative Gerald Ford seeks

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to shift the search for blame to the previous Administration, but responsibility is not so easily assigned, not when, as in this case, it is a system as well as individuals which must be held to account—the system which devotes the bulk of the tax dollar to militarism, which buys the allegiance of allies, overturns governments at will, marches troops willy-nilly into internal conflicts near and far, and considers Pax Americana worth any cost in gold and human sacrifice.

There is the root of much of the problem. The *New York Times* argues that there is a qualitative difference between the atrocities charged to American troops in Vietnam and those of totalitarian governments of this century, since the latter atrocities were usually the result of national policy. But what difference is there when implicit in the policy of one are the conditions and attitudes which make possible the explicit policies of the other? That is the fate of the U.S. And this is why it will not satisfy to court martial a lieutenant, to hound into court a few ex-GI's, or even to roll the head of a general or two. The trouble goes deeper to some murky aberration in the nation's political character, and it is that which must be exposed and dug out.

This is why the suggestion of Senator Muskie for a special commission to dig beyond the surface facts of Mylai 4 into the causes and implications of the atrocity is so important. Muskie leans toward a Presidential commission, such as that on violence. Giving the word for such an inquiry will not be an easy thing, as some basic national assumptions will come in for some very rough rocking. On the other hand, not to do so will be to beg the basic questions of Mylai 4.

NEWS FROM ROME

Rome has always been somewhat uneasy in its relations with the press, as indeed with many another modern institution. For those who visualize the church as an absolutist monarchy, subject to questioning by no one, the inquiring and professionally skeptical approach of contemporary journalism seems potentially if not actually *lèse majesté*. And, of course, those who conceive of the church in this way are absolutely right; journalism, or at least good journalism, is automatically the enemy of the pretentious and the puffed-up.

Vatican II represented a real change in the relationship between the church and the press—or more accurately, the second session onward did. During the first session everything was under wraps, and the working newsmen at the Vatican climbed Roman walls in their efforts to find out what was really happening inside the closed sessions of the Council. But public protest over this state of affairs made a dent, and at the start of the second session the secrecy veil was rent. If the newsmen did not receive all the concessions they wanted, full briefing and talented press panels gave the last three Council sessions flesh and blood.

Now there seems to be some danger that Vatican press relations are going to suffer a relapse. According to reports from Rome, a form was recently sent to correspondents as part of a new system of accreditation for coverage of activities of the Holy See. With the form went a warning that accreditation would be withdrawn from anyone judged to have demonstrated an "incorrect attitude" toward the Pope, the Holy See or the church in general. In such case, the story went, credentials of the offending journalist would be withdrawn "by the unchallengeable decision of Vatican authorities."

In Rome, authorities insisted they could think of no instance in recent years of an "incorrect attitude" which would have invited loss of credentials, and Vatican spokesmen in general tried to pooh-pooh the whole thing. Nonetheless, the matter is disturbing; it is hard to see how the directive can be conceived as anything but a warning to newsmen to watch their step on how they report or comment on Vatican news. Coming as it does hard on the heels of the Administration's warning words on journalism in the U.S., this episode is particularly disturbing. We knew Spiro Agnew was Vice President; we didn't know he was Vice Pope.

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St. John's— Four Years After

On December 15, 1965, twenty members of the faculty of St. John's University were notified by registered mail that they were released from "all functions, duties and responsibilities, including teaching assignments, effective immediately." Another eleven were informed that their contracts would not be renewed after June, 1966. No one was given individual reasons for their firing. This unilateral action by St. John's was so unprecedented and shocking that a special committee set up by the American Association of University Professors to investigate the incident, reported to the main body that this was "a grievous and inexcusable violation of academic freedom." The AAUP, at its annual meeting in April of 1966, placed St. John's on its censured list. The censure has subsequently been repeated in the years 1967, 1968, and 1969.

It is now almost four years since the firings and the resultant strike by the United Federation of College Teachers, of which 26 of the 31 had been members. What has happened in this time? Little, if anything, by way of settlement. Two years ago St. John's offered to engage in a limited form of arbitration, limited in that they set five preconditions: 1) all sessions would be se-

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cret, with both the professors and the arbitrators sworn to secrecy; 2) the professors would be represented as individuals, not by the UFCT: 3) each case would be heard by a three-man panel chosen from the American Arbitration Association; 4) strikers who went out in sympathy would not be part of the arbitration proceedings; and 5) all of those who participated in the arbitration had to give up any lawsuits they had filed against the university.

At a meeting held at UFCT headquarters, those fired professors and strikers who were still in the New York Metropolitan area, at the urging of the Union, voted to accept the offer, the rationale being that a rejection of arbitration, loaded as it was, would be construed by the public to mean that the professors had something to hide. There was also a certainty that the arbitration proceedings could not help but end in the professors' favor. They had not, however, counted on the possibility that the arbitration proceedings would take so long that the public, whose memory is notoriously short, would forget all about the dispute. It soon became obvious that this was the case.

In the two years since the arbitration began, only one case, that of Father Peter O'Reilly, has been completed. (No decision has been announced.) So unfair was this delayed justice that the 13 professors who had chosen to submit to arbitration agreed to an offer by Robert F. Wagner, a Trustee of St. John's University, to mediate the dispute. Wagner claimed that he had become a member of the Board of Trustees under the mistaken assumption that the dispute had been settled. St. John's even turned down his offer, adding to their already intransigent position.

St. John's on only one occasion has deviated from its self-righteous position, and this digression was slight, indeed. Early in 1969, St. John's informally told the professors' lawyers that they would be willing to settle the dispute by offering re-instatement to all those fired. St. John's, however, had to be assured that certain unnamed professors would not desire to come back. They were offering re-instatement only if they could be sure those who decided to come back were safe. Even such an absurd offer was agreed to by the now weary professors. Unfortunately, after polling those who would and wouldn't go back, certain names were unagreeable to St. John's. The offer was withdrawn.

And so the arbitration drags on and on. St. John's with unlimited resources can afford to sit back and wait; the UFCT, its strike fund depleted, has had to embark on a $100,000 fund-raising drive to finance the professors' share of the arbitration. Four years is but a short time in the life of a university; it can be an eternity for men who are trying to clear their reputations.

JOSEPH A. SCIMECCA

(Mr. Scimecca, himself one of the original strikers and co-author of Crisis at St. John's: Strike and Revolution on the Catholic Campus, *is now a member of the faculty at the University of Maine.)*

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SOILED POLITICS ARE NOT AMUSING

CONGRESSIONAL DIRTY LINEN

It's really difficult to keep an accounting of scandals, malfeasances and nonfeasances that periodically erupt in and around the Congress of the United States. This fall, there's that Voloshen fellow who seems to have transacted by telephone shady business in the office of House Speaker McCormack. The Speaker's troubles were compounded by his administrative assistant, Dr. Sweig, whose talents included a brooding, disagreeable air toward his peers and an uncanny ability to imitate his employer's nasal Bostonian voice and (mis)represent himself as "the Speakah" on the telephone. At 77, (12/21/91), John McCormack, third in line of presidential succession, may regret a long-standing impression he conveyed that he didn't care what a visitor did in the Speaker's office as long as the visitor didn't smoke his panatela cigars. The press has just publicized these shenanigans. Before the cock could crow once, McCormack cast out Voloshen and suspended Sweig. Caesar's wife could not have been in a more difficult position. The miasma of cigars, poker, politics and favors swirled around the Congress once again.

Those with alert memories could remember other episodes. That Playboy of the Western Legislative World, Adam Clayton Powell, has been continually in trouble, whether in 1959 or 1969. There was Tom Dodd of Connecticut, whose political follies provoked a formal rebuke from his Senate colleagues. Further ago, there were the cases of Reps. J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey and Andrew May of Kentucky and James Michael Curley and Thomas J. Lane of Massachusetts and Frank Boykin of Alabama and Thomas F. Johnson of Maryland, all of whom were convicted for acts forbidden to members of Congress. Indeed, Lane, after serving four months in prison, discovered his home-town of Lawrence was as desirous of his congressional services as ever. In 1956, the people of Lawrence re-elected him by an overwhelming margin to the House of Representatives where he reassumed his position as chairman of a Judiciary subcommittee on claims against the Federal Government. If Dean Acheson saw fit not to turn his back on Alger Hiss, then surely the people of Lawrence could do no less than fol-

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low an example set by a Secretary of State.

However, contrary to the scribblings of syndicated political gossips, the Congress is not entirely composed of knaves and fools and boodlers. Actually, the people's case against Congress is far more devastating and discouraging than simply a loathsome listing of human wickedness and frailty.

But there's enough bad-doing, yes, corruption, to be vastly disturbing. There's not as much as Drew Pearson's successor, Jack Anderson, would have his readers believe. However, there's more than congressional reformers, concentrating on grave defects in the parliamentary machinery, care to concede. It involves not only members of Congress—Senators and Representatives—but also congressional staff members. Seth Kantor, a reporter in Washington, has recently exposed a situation wherein immigration bills, designed to prevent deportation of this man and that man, were being introduced by the score in the Senate. However, Senators quite persuasively said the bills had been introduced without their knowledge. The Senate Ethics Committee is investigating whether money has been passed to obliging congressional employees.

This wretched climate need not prevail. Most members of Congress would not tolerate such staff performances. These members, who can politically "feel and smell" places and persons, would not permit their offices to be used in an extracurricular manner.

Speaker McCormack, of course, is a person of personal high repute; that, no one in the Congress would dispute. But while bobbing about on his sea of troubles, Speaker McCormack stated on television, in an apparent effort to produce an explanation to Voloshen and Sweig, "I've done tens of thousands of favors in my public life . . ."

And that's just the point—tens of thousands of favors. The Chicago mafia that Mayor Daley sends to the House of Representatives has also done tens, perhaps hundreds of thousands of favors. So did the Bronx's Ed Flynn and Charley Buckley. So have other Northern Democratic urban machine doughfaces in the Congress. You do me a favor and I do you one. I vote for your bill and you vote for my amendment. Fly-swatter politics as practiced currently by the custodial and managerial Northern liberals sitting for 35-year-old New Deal programs.

The Last Hurrah and *The Purple Shamrock* may be amusing books. But they mask the immoral nature of old-time politics in a commercial society. Such books bathe political machines in a nostalgic glow wherein Charlie Buckley and Martin Lomansey of Boston's West End and Ed Kelly of Chicago and Kansas City's William Pendergast, all seemingly bustle about on cold, snowy Thanksgivings and Christmases bringing scuttles of coal and baskets of food to the "deserving" poor. Bunk. Sooner would Midas give his holdings to Fort Knox. Such books contain supposedly funny one-liners—"There's the Mayor. They call him 'Honest John' Boodle because he never stole a freight-car." Soiled politics are not amusing.

Worse, in this atmosphere less resourceful public men flourish in politics. They sit in the Federal, state, county and city buildings. They themselves are quite often men of personal probity. But they learn to deny the environment in which they work. They surmise—actually, they do "know"—that funny-money oils the politics they practice. Mayor Municipal presides over a mess. But he doesn't want to acknowledge it. He shunts it aside. He doesn't want to know if his Licenses and Housing Inspections Commissioner is "on the take." And, don't tell him, either. Also, don't tell him where his campaign funds come from. It's not the Mayor's business. After all, no one's a saint in politics. It's no Sunday school, now is it, fellows? Mayor Municipal is not his brother's keeper. If the knowledge is forced upon him, His Honor is apt to chide his Commissioner for being too damn obvious. Embarrassing, you know.

This all breeds shoddiness; it breeds carelessness. It breeds the smooth-dealers and the political pickpockets.

Speaker McCormack was also incorrect when he stated on TV that what happened to him "could have happened to anyone." It could not have. The newer Democrats from the Northern and Western cities each would have tried a staff member who imitated his voice. More fundamentally, each would not have attracted mimics and ventriloquists. Careless men in public life attract careless staff assistants. Incompetent members attract incompetent staffers. Each working day in the Congress demonstrates this. The newer men and women of the Congress are rejecting a prevalent genre of politics that is both *liberal* and *corrupt*. They realize it is not curative that miscreant colleagues are occasionally brought before the Bar. A system of permissive corruption is at fault. It snares the well-intentioned-but-weak-one, as well as the deliberate "taker." These new members are reinforcing the handful of senior members who have stood and fought the long, lonely fight. Together they insist theirs is a communal responsibility for each other amid the lure of the free and easy ways of Washington.

There is some light at the end of the tunnel. There are the fragile beginnings in the form of ethics committees in both the Senate and the House. Also, the senior Democratic bulls of the North are dying, retiring voluntarily or retiring under the scourge of their electorates. Good riddance. There's a realistic bipartisan chance of reform of cumbersome, obsolete congressional machinery and a realistic chance of injecting accountability and rationality into a fundamental cause of political corruption—the insane system of campaign financing.

Let's think so, anyway. If not, the legislative branch of national government may become more irrelevant. Already, the Congress as an institution resembles Gambetta's description of the French Chamber of Deputies—"a broken mirror in which the Nation cannot recognize its own image."

TATTLER

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An open letter

DEAR MRS. MITCHELL . . .

DAVID P. RILEY

What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?
. . . . .
Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.
Or does it explode?

—Langston Hughes

I don't know whether what I say will make any dent in your hard glamor, Mrs. Mitchell, but I must try to make you understand that a lot more was going on outside the Justice Department on November 15 than simply a political assault like the Russian Revolution. It was more complicated and more disturbing than that, and more personal too for many of us.

I don't really care whether you call me by your new and wondrous term, a "liberal Communist." Many of us are beyond the paralytic scare of labels now; we've seen what it did to people and to the country before, and we're determined not to let it happen again. We either ignore or ridicule your scare label games, which won't be hard if you use such laughable terms.

There's something much more disturbing than labels about the fact that young Americans who love their country cheer the Vietcong flag in front of the Justice Department. I know what I think of when I see the "enemy" flag: courageous pajama-clad men and women stalking the jungle against giant jet bombers. And I am not the ultra-political radical you think I am, not by a long shot; I'm almost as alienated from the hard-core radical movement as I am from you. (I also, to make you feel better, get emotional about the American flag.) What are you going to do about me, Mrs. Mitchell? You will not, despite your best efforts, succeed in pushing me into the ultra-political radical camp; it's against my nature and I won't go. Yet I was there at the Justice Department cheering, and I won't go to Vietnam either.

A lot of people like me cheered at the Justice Department because we want to do everything we can to embarrass the Nixon Vietnam policy, embarrass some sense into it. I am glad the Justice Department confrontation was not entirely peaceful, because that made it more embarrassing abroad for Nixon. And I am glad the mass rally was so peaceful and beautiful, because that made it more embarrassing domestically for Nixon.

Deferred Dreams

That's my political view, but there's also a very important personal meaning to it. We too, like the blacks, have had our dream deferred. It is a dream that began for us with the blast of fresh air John Kennedy brought to government (or so it seemed); it continued with the spirit and comradeship of the civil rights movement and then the peace movement; it was re-kindled with Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy. We have never been able to forgive the country for robbing us of the dream for a decade.

You will ask, what are the things which, in my arrogance, I think are so terribly wrong as to merit this anger? That would take a long explanation, but let me give you an idea. I know, for example, something is terribly wrong about our government's spending 70 cents out of every dollar on wars, past, present and future. I know there is something terribly wrong about inhumanly neglecting my country to save another regime so it can jail its defeated political candidates. And I know there is something terribly wrong about horribly undernourished people in this country who barely survive or literally starve while others go to the moon.

When this knowledge and these feelings constantly beat you on the head, almost every time you pick up a newspaper, then somehow you must get that pent-up, built-up anger out. And there aren't many ways to do it which have any effect. There certainly aren't many peaceful ways. The last two national elections don't speak well for voting. How, for example, am I to effectively express my outrage and sense of powerlessness over the TV blackout of the most massive political rally in American history? I tried calling the TV stations, but it didn't help much and it had no effect. Maybe just that festering anger will lead me the next time I'm at the Justice Department to pick up a stone and throw it at the fortress of the man who says I'm part of the Russian Revolution.

I don't defend all expressions of the anger. Some are more effective and more sensible than others. I'm not wild, for example, about busting out a lot of store windows, though that certainly is better than murdering a village of women and children. The point is that for thousands of us it's not just a question of political views. It's also personal anger and frustration at our powerlessness to make the world a decent place. Your comments help politicize that anger; they make confrontation and violence more likely. Maybe that's not a bad thing. At least we won't retreat and contract, as some unfeeling people do, and dry up like a raisin in the sun.

DAVID P. RILEY, *27-year-old lawyer and fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, specializes in housing problems and police-community relations. His articles have appeared in the* New Republic *and* Washington Post.

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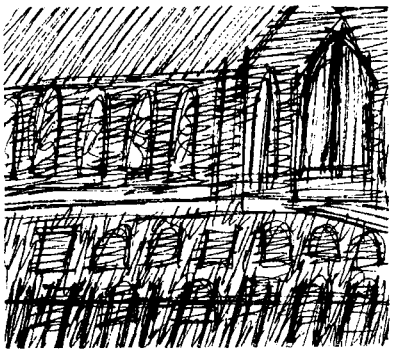
TALKING WITH GOD

The God of mountain hollows and migrant camps

ROBERT COLES



Perhaps nothing is more difficult for the proverbial "outsider" to comprehend than the deep and abiding religious faith that is to be found among black sharecroppers and white tenant farmers, among migrant farmers who, again, are white or black (or Mexican-American) and finally, among the mountain people of Appalachia. Someone like myself, trained in medicine and psychiatry and psychoanalysis, looks for rational and reasonable behavior or irrational and fearful behavior. When confronted with people who go into a virtual trance on Sunday mornings, when confronted with declarations of prayerful ecstasy and warnings of immediate and apocalyptic disaster, all tied to the Lord and His ways, the observer can do one of several things. He can declare himself just that, an observer, ready and willing to take notice of anything, however wild or frenzied or incoherent or senseless. He can insist upon his ability to understand the incomprehensible, to fathom the only apparently illogical—on the assumption that there is a psychological rationale to all behavior, however absurd or unreasonable it seems. Maybe most dangerous and mean-spirited of all possible maneuvers, he can protest compassion and pity for those poor, benighted people; he can see them as possessed by poverty and disease and powerlessness and so—why not?— also prey to fantasies and illusions and desperate efforts at self-deception.

I fear someone like me usually takes all of those various tacks. Most of all these days we are likely to talk about the "adaptive" value of religious faith—though we are less willing to talk in a similar vein about the dozens of secular ideologies that command from well-educated and well-to-do people compliance, belief and not uncommonly, real zealotry. For a long time I found myself—in the midst of a service, say, in a Holiness church near a mountain hollow—thinking about the "context" of the passionate and fundamentalist faith being shouted and sung and affirmed: simply affirmed in the faces and the eyes of the parishioners; directly affirmed in their voices and words; and if it has to be said, affirmed by and large without anxiety or fear. At first I supplied that "context" for such devotion and faith by dwelling upon the satisfaction and the relief thereby afforded. Then I reminded myself how much sadness and desperation and terror had to be somehow dealt with by these far-from-confident and certainly vulnerable people. Finally I ended up turning on them in those churches: what they said is not what they meant; what they appeared to feel was not what they *really* have going on within themselves; indeed, what they conveyed, to look at them, was but a beginning of what might come across them, might be expressed by them—were I and my kind to find out what we keep on calling in anyone and everyone their "problems."

Now, I am sure that migrant workers have "problems"; and sharecroppers, and the mountaineers of Kentucky and West Virginia and North Carolina, they all have problems, too. So do I, though. Generally I have problems because I am a human being, one who is capable of his own kind of proprietary and uncritical faith, his own reassuring beliefs, his own convictions that have an "adaptive" purpose and no doubt a "context" also.

I have the additional and more specific problem of coming to terms with the faith of "poor, wretched believers," which is the way I once heard a sharecropper woman wishfully describe her family—and clearly the third word made the first two insignificant to her, if not to me. I am

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not sure I know how to do so, come to terms with something called "rural religion," without making caricatures of individuals I have worked with, without turning them and millions like them, people with sincere opinions and passionate beliefs, into opiated and deluded victims, or into philosophically duped and neurotically afflicted patients. I will try, though; I will try to hint at—maybe this is the way to put it—the animated spirit of the Spirit, as one like me has happened to see and hear and feel that Spirit become active, become an event. It *is* an event: something happens, something takes place, someone in particular feels taken over, feels no longer a person who only talks about the Spirit, who only uses the word, but rather, one who at last is on the way, at last is set to *do* something, I would even say *go* somewhere, because in rural churches one is moved and transported, one is elevated and summoned, one uses the arms and the hands and the legs, one bends and straightens out and twists and turns, and yes, finally yes, gets there, *arrives*.

So, while I try to make sense of things, analyze them, demand perhaps that the ineffable become utterly concrete, or failing that, be made as nearly concrete, as manageably concrete as my various words can manage—well, a woman in Mississippi, a mother of a sharecropper's five children, talks about those Sundays, and why she picks herself up to go to church, and where it takes her, the praying and more praying, the kneeling and sitting and standing and leaning and bowing and bending and finally the taking leave, the final bowing, the bowing out, the turning around and the returning, the going back from Him, from a moment with Him, to this bad, very bad, this cursed earth:

> "I wait all week for Sunday. That's the day that counts, you know. It's the only day of the week for me, the only one when *we* count, because then God is there, beckoning you, telling you it's all right, just come on over and be with Me, be with Me for a few minutes, yes sir. If you *do*, if you *go* to Him, if you *be* with Him, then like He says, you'll be all right. When you go back home, you'll be good again."

Those verbs—do, go, be—what are we to make of them, virtually marched out in formation one right after the other, and stated so easily and unselfconsciously and knowingly (it seems) by that thoroughly uneducated woman, no doubt rash about what she says, no doubt given to thoughtless conjectures stated as uncontrovertible facts, no doubt full of "illusions," dozens of them, having to do, among other things, with her God-given dignity, in her words "my being a child of His, just like everyone else"? To her, the idea of a church, a Christian church, means exactly what she says: doing, going and being. Church does *not* mean sitting nearly inert and hearing and watching and maybe singing a hymn or two, and maybe reading (or more likely whispering, and even that with embarrassment) a few prayers. Church does not mean following orders, following a routine, doing what the printed program of the day tells one to do. Church does not mean going to a building, staying for an hour or so and then leaving. Church does not mean attending something, taking part in a *service*. The idea of service, of course, is rather familiar to that woman; she and her ancestors have been rendering "service" to people for generations, and no wonder she talks in quite another fashion about God's intentions for her and her family:

> "If you ask me, the Lord must be wanting us to be true to ourselves with Him, and not treat Him like the bossman over there in town, who comes out here and tells us we should do this now and the next thing later and something again in the afternoon. No sir, He wants the truth, like the man says, the minister; and He knows the truth when it's before Him and He knows a lie when it's before Him. I'll be saying one thing to the bossman and under my breath another thing to myself; but in church I lets myself go, and Lord it all comes out, my faith in Him does, and I don't hold back on it, no sir, because you do that all the time—you have to—and on Sunday comes the time for the truth, and He is there, listening and wanting you to be as honest as you can, because if you'll be that way, He can trust you and you'll go and be saved, yes you will, you'll go and be saved from all the bad things going on in this world."

She says that a time *comes*, a time of truth, a time when one *goes* to be saved, when faith *does* something. Oh, there is an orgiastic quality to her kind of worship, no one these days would care to deny that, least of all her—because not only twentieth-century doctors and social scientists know about the passion that faith can mask but also *be*. Freud always recognized the historical roots of his analytic formulations, versed as he was in classical literature and mythology, not to mention Shakespeare's plays. He knew that the passions he described had been seen by others, lived by others, known to others, if by different words.

Theologians can also put their hands on book after book, each of them written hundreds of years ago, in which religious passions are unashamedly, indeed proudly, connected to man's physical and psychological nature, his lusts and urges and wants and needs. Precisely what else *are* they to be connected to, those religious passions? Of course some of us agnostic ascetics or religious puritans want faith to be "pure"; or we take peculiar pleasure in finding faith "impure," which means lusty and desperate and driven and sensual and *physical* in the sense of mediated through what each man is, after all: a particular body in possession of a mind and soul. For that woman in Mississippi a church is initially a destination, a place over there that requires the effort, one considerable effort, of attendance—which means hundreds and hundreds of steps taken.

The passion behind all those steps, the force of mind and heart that makes them possible, become obvious per-

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haps only when they are seen being taken, those many, many steps—down the Appalachian hollows, across the Delta's mud, away from cabins in migrant labor camps to a nearby town or simply to an open field, this time not so that crops will be harvested, but so that legs can be bent, bodies made to kneel, kneel just like always, but kneel for a different purpose, too:

> "I kneel all week long with the beans, but on Sunday I kneel to speak with God, and He makes my knees feel better, much better. I'll be walking over to the field where he comes, the minister, and I'll say to myself, Sally, you're doing better today than yesterday, you're feeling real better, and thank God for that. So I speed up and get myself there right in time for the first prayer. I'm ready to speak then, to speak my heart to my God."

She is possessive, excessively possessive about God, not quite as ready to share Him as all other things are shared, must be shared:

> "All week I tries to be good, and do the picking and take care of the children, you know, and help us all stay in good shape for the next trip coming up. On Sundays I have to go thank Someone, thank Him for giving me the strength. He must want you, He must be thinking of you, not only everyone else, or how could I still be going, going as strong as I am?"

She is going all right—up and down the Atlantic seaboard, all the time harvesting those beans—and on Sundays she is still going, moving herself, "carrying" herself as she sometimes puts it, carrying herself over to a place, but much more than that, to a scene, or again, a location where an event unfolds, minute by minute, with her and others like her very much *doing* things and *becoming*.

Victory Won

Afterwards, right afterwards, one can hear the sense of achievement, of victory at last grasped—because things that a woman like Sally senses deeply all week become spoken, finally, on Sunday:

> "I've got to go back, and we'll be out in the fields this afternoon, because we've got to get the crops in by next week or else they'll be gone, yes sir, on their way to being rotted. I've got myself rested and strong now, because God will refresh you, if you ask Him, if you only ask Him. I'll be talking with the Lord, and all of a sudden I know He's touched me and given me a little of His strength, so I can go on. That's why I'll say thank you, thank you to Him, for coming to us here, and recognizing us, yes sir, recognizing us, just like the others. When you've been recognized, you can feel up in spirits, way up, and you leave and go about your work, fall to doing what you've got to do."

She means, naturally, by "fall to doing" something like "get to doing," though one always wonders what she *does* mean, a woman like her, who does indeed, every day, fall to the ground in order to work, in order to pick at those bean plants. Ask her and she replies; she says she means she'll "soon" be doing something when she "falls to doing" something. But she gets the irony, just like any proud, linguistically sensitive listener does:

> "I know what you mean. I'm always falling on my knees to go up and down those rows. I have the rubber pad, of course, and it protects you from the mud and the water and it makes it easier on your knees—but there's just *so* easy it can be on your knees, with the kneeling all the time. The only time I feel really rested on my knees is when I'm on them praying. Then they feel real quiet-like and calm and they get stronger, they seem to, while I try hard to pray the best I can."

How is one to make neuro-physiological (not to mention psychological) sense out of all that? Does she somehow virtually hypnotize herself? Is she what psychiatrists call an "hysteric," that is someone who, among other things, massively ignores and forgets important facts and feelings, and accordingly seems indifferent or casual or even at rest and at peace—when in fact massive turmoil would be found, were one to look "underneath" or "deep-down" or wherever it is we hide or keep our emotions? And really, does she not know better, know that whistling in the dark is what she is actually doing?

Dozens of times I have asked myself questions like those, and I have given up looking for answers. How am I to look? What will I find? Ought I do a thorough medical examination on her, and especially a neurological and psychiatric "evaluation"? Ought I ask her, forcefully and squarely and right to the point, whether she sometimes doesn't have her misgivings, her doubts about God and His churches and in fact the whole lot of them, those ministers who from time to time take so much money from poor migrant workers? Am I to assume I cannot ask her such a question—because she is almost illiterate and weak and fearful and superstitious and in need of whatever "support" she can find, however illusory and even laughable, however corrupt, yes that, too? Am I best advised to take a different line of reasoning, to see the wonder of it all, the miracle that occurs when devotion is brought into a building or a place, and is given expression, is rewarded by uplift? (And I mean by uplift a lot more than a moment of euphoria or self-satisfaction, more than a "shot-in-the-arm" or a temporary boost of self-confidence.)

"Uplift" is in fact what the woman I have just quoted talks about. She has obtained the word from a minister, who perhaps (to be grim and cynical and appropriately suspicious) teaches his parishioners to use the word as if it were a thing, a piece of property, for them to want and then to get and then gladly, proudly own. What is more, she talks about *finding* her "uplift" and *keeping* it, and those are words that are all too familiar to hungry, pagan,

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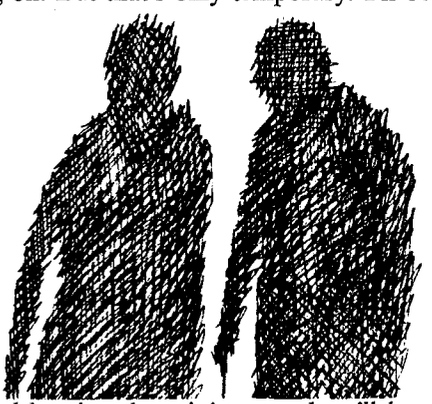
twentieth-century, materialist consumers, who want, want, want, and at least elsewhere in America, away from migrant camps and plantation-shares and mountain hollows, manage to get, get, get. She talks about a lot more, though; and I believe gives one like me, if not answers to what must finally be considered unanswerable questions, at least pause for thought, and I am talking about a kind of thought that asks why some of the questions just presented are in fact asked at all. Here is the lady—very much dressed up that day and neither like a mother nor a wife in appearance or manner—speaking a little before she is to walk over to church, which means walk some two miles under a hot, hot sun:

"I know it'll be worth it, because it always is. I get tired, and my feet are aching bad—the shoes, you know—but once I'm there I can forget me and my feet and everything, because there's Someone up there, and He's bigger than all of us, and if you know that, once you do, then you're on your way, and it won't be long before every one of us will be there, meeting Him, and what He decides is what counts, and nothing else. I get discouraged a lot by things; there'll be this to bother you, or something else again. (You're not put here to have an easy time, I guess.) When I'm low, I'll wonder if there's any point—you know, to going on. But that's only temporary. I'll be sitting



there and hearing the minister, and we'll be singing, and all of a sudden there's God talking to me, I know He is. It's not that He'll say anything special, no sir. It's just that I can feel the truth; it's there, and it's enough big that I can rely on the message.

"God's message is that we should try to be patient. Maybe He means for us to be patient with Him. I don't mean to be fresh, like it sounds. I mean, He is testing you, and if you don't wait for Him to finish, then you're rushing it, trying to be too fast for your own good. It's like out in the field: on a wet morning, you have to let the beans dry, before you rush down the rows, trying to pick them. Sure, you'd like to get as much done as you can, before the sun is high and right over you, and beating down and drawing all your strength right out of your legs and your arms, and just weakening you all over. But you can't forget the moisture on the plants; and so you've got to take your chances and hope that even with the sun you'll get a good day's picking done. Now, with God it's us He's got out here all over the world, and He can't be rushed either, because there's all the other people, and not just yourself, and if you come to Him and always say 'look at me, look at me, and see what I want from You and see how I believe in You,' well, He's going to turn His back on you, yes He will. He'll tell you, God will, that it's not what He's trying to do, give you a lollipop, like you do with the kids if they mind all you say and don't get into trouble—and they'll be telling you they're good, the kids, so you get them the candy. But to me church isn't where there's candy, no it's not.

"To me, church is where you meet God, where for a little while you find Him and keep Him, where He tells you that it's all right, and it's going to be all right, and no matter what, you'll come out on His side—if you want to and sets it on your mind that you will. A lot of times I have to do something, and I'll be tired, real tired, and I'll wonder if there's any use; it's then that I say to myself that I will, I just will—I mean I *will* get to the end of the row, and I *will* get us ready to go on the road again. You see? But you get weak on a lot of days, and your head hurts and your feet, from the top to the bottom. Then you're in trouble; because you start having bad thoughts, one after the other, until you've lost everything, all your belief in God, and you just want to go sit some place and fill yourself up with all the wine you can find, and steal some if you haven't the money to buy it, and then you're glad when you start going under and you get dizzy and if you go to sleep you hope it lasts and lasts. There have been times, no fooling, when the last thing I could recall was myself saying it would be nice if I slept and slept and *never* woke up. I ask you, can a person justify himself before God, doing that? The minister will tell you no, but I'll let you in on a secret, it's not him, the minister, who does the convincing of me. It's God, and how He does it, I don't know. I mean I won't be so good on some of these Sundays, and I'll go, but I'm not expecting much, and then I all of a sudden get the uplift. It's not like you've made a good wage this week, and you've got yourself the best food there is, and eaten all you could possibly put down you. It's not that someone has come along and promised to help you out. I guess if I had to say—it's hard to say these things, you know—then I'd say it's like you're under a cloud, a real bad one and the sun is gone, and it's raining, and maybe some thunder and lightning are there—but all quick like, you see the sky clear up, and not only is there the sun to see, but it's cool too, at the same time, and you've got a nice friendly world around you — over you — protecting you and keeping you warm, but you don't go and

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get too warm, and the crops, they're growing like mad, and they'll be easy to pick, because they'll get nice and dried out. So, you feel good, and you know you've found a place; you've found your rest. And you look around and you see there's others; they've been saved, too.

"I don't know much about being saved, I mean if you're saved every week, or if God makes up His mind only at the end, when you have to face Him; but there will be a little while on Sundays—not all Sundays, no, but some of them—when I feel real good. The uplift, it's got me hoping. I'll be hoping the week will be better, and I'll not have the pains I get in my stomach; but mostly it'll be I'll have a better spirit about everything. 'All things come to the one who waits,' is what you learn from the Bible, and I'll tell you something, either you know that or you don't, and if you don't, then you're in more trouble than you'll ever know, because you'll go running all over, and getting cross at your husband and your children, and worse it is when you get cross at yourself. But if you can just remember to catch yourself and be patient with God, and if you know He's coming upon your life, to look it over and do like that, then you won't be killing yourself with the wine, and with shouting at everyone when the least little thing goes wrong. That's how I think."

What do I think about how she thinks? I can make some points about it, about the themes that she and others like her keep on coming back to, keep on spelling out. I can take note of, in the first place, her mixed feelings, her faith that turns to despair, her high hopes that become a grim, low-point, full of what some call nihilism, others depression, still others religious doubt. I can take note of her stubborn, quarrelsome spirit, which returns almost weekly to the struggle. I can also mention, even as she did in her own way, the various things that happen to her —I say again, the things that *happen* to her rather than the things that religious faith and attendance at church do *for* her.

The point is that she actively takes on something or Something when she goes to church; it almost seems to me, as I have watched her, been with her on those Sundays, that she is taking on all of her life and all of everyone's life, all of *life itself* I perhaps mean, though believe me I am not sure, not one bit sure. I do know—I am fairly sure—that in all our talks, and in other talks with other migrants, and with sharecroppers and mountain people, I hear not about isolated episodes or scattered incidents but, again, about events, events that live on and on and have a very real continuity. To draw upon an Appalachian father this time: "A real time of it we have, and once it's over, we know we've been through something, yes indeed we have, and that means we'll be thinking of it, what we've been through, and remembering that we found God, and hope never to lose Him." I presume that is what some of us from more "fortunate" backgrounds call an "experience." I presume, also, that some of us miss, sorely miss, what that man and others quoted here have and describe, a conviction that we are not alone, that through constant effort and dedication we can find meanings that stick, that last longer than a moment or two, that will keep—meanings that will lead us to bigger meanings, to Meanings, if not to God.

GRINGO MANIFESTO

Nixon's new plan for Latin America

JORDAN BISHOP and MICHAEL ELMER

Following President Nixon's speech, a picture of the President appeared in a Bolivian daily over the caption: "Action for Progress, a program that will increase the influence of Latin Americans and reduce domination of the great nation to the North." It is still early to include a representative sample of Latin American opinion, but one may safely say that the orientation chosen by Mr. Nixon will increase the influence of Latin American oligarchies, maintain the status quo, and consolidate U.S. domination.

The over-all context of this "new" Latin American policy is the Pan American system. Repeated emphasis on "this hemisphere," and the interamerican system gives one clearly to understand that the policy of the U.S. in Latin America will follow traditional lines, lines which have been characterized as imperialistic by generations of Latin Americans. Lip service is paid to multilateral aid as opposed to current bilateral agreements, but in the context of the Organization of American States this hardly affects the use of aid as a political instrument and the further subjection of Latin American

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economy to that of the United States. A logical consequence of all this is that the somewhat ambiguous term "third world" becomes less applicable than ever to Latin America: drawn more tightly into the spider's web, Latin America becomes simply an appendix to North American capitalism. It is not part of a third world, but a subordinate part of the first; the relationship of Latin American economy with that of U.S. capitalism is one of dependent integration, and the accent on the interamerican or hemispheric system is designed to consolidate this.

By definition, discussion of the maintenance of the interamerican system is evidence of imperialism. The O.A.S. serves only to foster U.S. hegemony in Latin America because by its very existence it excludes and neutralizes the United Nations, in which organization the Latin American states have a much more equal voice. Any interamerican organization will always be a U.S.-dominated one, aimed at producing "safe and tractable neighbors" though at times a sprayed-on Latin American appearance may be given to it, as was done, for example, in the case of the interamerican peacekeeping force in 1965. Then a 22,000-strong force of U.S. Marines invaded the Dominican Republic for a clearly North American political end, but, on being adorned with a Brazilian commander and a handful of assorted Central American soldiery numbering a few hundred, it became an O.A.S. force, theoretically controlled by, and responsible to, the Latin American states as well as the U.S. This even though none of the sister republics was in favor or had any interest at all served by the invasion.

On other occasions the results of the maintenance of the interamerican myth have been more serious. In the 1930's, working against the presence and prestige of the League of Nations by backing the Pan American union, the United States almost certainly prolonged the bloody Chaco war between Bolivia and Paraguay by a couple of years.

The true face of interamericanism also emerges in the economic sphere. The problem of tied aid has long been a difficult one for underdeveloped nations due to balance of payment considerations. That Mr. Nixon takes cognizance of this is excellent, but the statement with which he concludes his opposition to tied aid is downright cynical. We are told that, from November 1st, U.S. aid funds will not be tied to the purchase of U.S. products, but may be spent "anywhere in Latin America." Bolivia therefore is now free to use her U.S. credits to buy the capital goods she needs from such well-developed industrial countries as Paraguay and Ecuador! The fact is that there is no competitor to U.S. industry in Latin America (Mexico comes closest, but falls short by several light-years), and where purchases of capital goods are involved, the alternative is in fact not an alternative. Motor vehicles, rolling stock, etc., made in Latin America tend, owing to lack of economies of scale, to cost much more than identical products imported from the U.S. In Bolivia, a Volkswagen made in Germany costs less than one made in Brazil. Furthermore, with the exception of Paraguay, no Latin American country has more than ten percent of its trade relations with other Latin American countries. If Mr. Nixon is serious about eliminating tied aid for Latin American purchases of capital goods, then buying freedom must also extend to Western Europe, Japan and the Socialist countries. To limit it to other Latin American countries is at best a joke in rather bad taste.

The promise of preferential tariffs is positive, although the fact that it is contingent upon legislative action does not seem to presage success considering that the foreign affairs committee chopped $100 million from the Alianza budget two days before Nixon's speech. Even if this proposal were fully implemented, its importance would be far less than a program to guarantee stable prices for Latin American primary products. The elasticity of markets in agricultural products and non-ferrous metals is proverbial and extremely damaging to developing countries, yet President Nixon makes absolutely no mention of any market stabilization program. Losses to Bolivia caused by downswings in the price of tin have over the years been many times greater than aid from the U.S. In terms of agricultural products, cocoa (which it is planned to grow on a large scale in Bolivia) lost over half its value in the last two years owing to world price movements. It would be almost true to say that given stable commodity prices the developing countries of Latin America would not need U.S. aid.

Little comment is required on the insistence made on private investment, except to say that this is in blatant contradiction to the introductory remarks about the imposition of models by the United States. The implication is that private investment may provide a real impulse to development: the answer of most socialists is that the generally lopsided results of development through private investment should in no sense be called development. The type of technology exported, that of mid-twentieth century U.S. industry, must almost necessarily result in unprecedented levels of unemployment. Possibly this should be accepted as a positive technical advance, but if this be the case, provision must also be made for massive unemployment, and this in a more positive way than has been seen to date in underdeveloped regions of the United States itself.

In this area, the kind of investment in the private sector is exceedingly important. Economic planning is a matter of life or death for most Latin American economies, and in spite of veiled threats concerning countries that "go against norms of law," one should insist that private investment should also come under a serious economic planning. There are in fact money-making industries that we can do without, that may well bring considerable profits to private investors but which contribute little or nothing to real long-term economic

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growth. It might be argued that these are the safest investments that can be made: their very irrelevance protects them from being nationalized: the problem is whether they should be allowed to exist at all.

A good example might be such prestige industries as automobile assembly plants: these cannot be nationalized in view of their complete dependence on the mother industry, and an elementary rational consideration of priorities would put a native automobile industry somewhat lower than the cultivation of peanuts. A good example of the above was the case of Argentina a few years ago, when 22 different car assembly plants operated in a country of 22 million people. Priorities should be on trucks and buses, on public transportation rather than on the private automobile; nothing else makes sense in our situation, and if we must have some autos, it must be said that smaller European or Japanese autos are more suited to our needs than anything made in Detroit or in Detroit-mothered assembly plants. We simply do not have available resources to model our economies on the U.S. plan, and some private investment should be politely but firmly refused. There is no indication in Mr. Nixon's address that these factors of our economic situation are appreciated.

The five points of Mr. Nixon's address deserve particular consideration, since it is upon these that "Action for Progress" will be based.

The first is stated as "a firm commitment to the interamerican system." As already stated above, this consecrates Mr. Nixon's address as an imperialist manifesto since this system binds the Latin American countries to the United States in a clearly neo-colonialist way.

National Dignity

The second principle, "respect for national identity and national dignity, in a partnership in which rights and responsibilities are shared by a community of independent states," must be seen in the Latin American context. The President is no doubt aware that national dignity is the first element invoked in the recent nationalization of Gulf Oil in Bolivia (the day following nationalization was named as the "Day of National Dignity"). There are several examples of Latin American nations' having been forced, against the will of governments and peoples, to break off diplomatic relations with Cuba. In 1964 the *New York Times* stated that Bolivian-U.S. relations were "just short of open quarrel" because Bolivia had not broken off diplomatic relations with the Castro regime. Juan de Onis continued, "this has been a highly political aid program." Shortly afterwards the Bolivian government broke with Cuba. In Mr. Nixon's speech there is no indication that this type of diplomacy is a thing of the past. If this is meant it should be clearly stated and extended to the possibility of respecting the dignity of those Latin American nations who, like Cuba, make a socialist option in their economic development.

The third point, "a firm commitment to continue U.S. aid in the hemisphere," must be seen in the context of the second principle, of the expressed renunciation of the imposition of models on Latin American development by the United States. This leads to the fourth principle stated, that of "support for Latin American initiatives and the proportionment of aid on a multilateral basis." We do not believe that this represents any meaningful change from traditional policy unless the unilaterality transcend the framework of the Organization of American States, which is commonly believed here to be dominated by the United States. The placing of aid on a multilateral basis is in fact urgent if aid is not to be a political instrument of imperialist powers. But the unilateralization of aid within the interamerican system in fact changes nothing. The O.A.S. has consistently been used by the United States as a counterfoil to the United Nations, and it is only through the United Nations or some other worldwide institution that the multilateralization of aid becomes meaningful.

Reference is made by Mr. Nixon to the fact that a peaceful community of nations cannot exist if one nation sponsors armed subversion in another's territory, and the accusation is openly pointed at Cuba. This is the plainest hypocrisy in the light of such hemispheric activities as Guatemala 1954 and the Bay of Pigs. That there is one law for Cuba and another for the United States is illustrated well by the following small extract from the hearings on hemispheric relations of the House Foreign Affairs Committee:

Congressman Thompson: "Do you think it is impossible to get a few guerrillas in there that might lob a mortar shell onto some strategic point some day, and the next day lob one on some other point, and create a little confusion in Cuba? I don't mean a major confrontation."

General Porter: "(security deletion)."

Finally, we are invited to "dedicate our best efforts to the betterment of the conditions of life and of social and economic problems." This has, of course, been one of the constants in the now-defunct Alliance for Progress. It has failed, in part due to the ever-present dilemma facing aid-giving nations who must in fact cooperate with the vested interests of developing nations. The Alliance for Progress attempted, for example, to encourage tax and land reforms: one suspects that Mr. Nixon's repudiation of the imposition of models implies in fact a greater degree of cooperation with Latin American oligarchies. Programs of military aid conceived in terms of counter-insurgency (like the 1958 Military Assistance Program) involve in effect a defense of the status quo in Latin America and contradict the understanding many Latin Americans have of this fifth principle. The impression is definitely given, and nothing that Mr. Nixon said belies it, that Latin American na-

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tions are indeed free to promote social welfare and the solution of economic and social problems, but only on condition that no really radical change takes place. In the words of Guiseppe di Lampedusa, "things have to change so that things stay the same."

In short, the credibility gap still exists. The lack of any real policy change with respect to Cuba, or of the explicit application of Mr. Nixon's second principle to that country, leaves us more sceptical than ever. The biggest single gap is the lack of any reference to market stabilization, and this, combined with the other elements in the general picture presented, leads to the inevitable conclusion that there is nothing new here. There is not even the vision of hope to be frustrated that was present for some in the first days of Kennedy's Alliance for Progress. Mr. Nixon's Latin American policy, eagerly awaited and much proclaimed, was the tale described by Shakespeare centuries ago: "Full of sound and fury, signifying . . . nothing."

DIAL M FOR MADAME

THE SCREEN

"La Femme Infidèle" is a good example of what a talented director can do with a rather ordinary script. The story almost invites cliché. A comfortable bourgeois family, mother, father, son, live in a fashionable Paris suburb with a "Maison Beautiful" white house, rolling lawns, a maid, and the usual amenities. The husband is not particularly interesting or distinguished. He owns his own business—law, insurance—we're never quite sure what. He is quite solicitous towards his wife and provides well for her, for which she is grateful. She is also grateful for their young son, whom they both adore. Nevertheless, Madame is bored. Life is a series of strolls in the garden with her husband and son; formal dinners for three, with the business of eating markedly undisturbed by scintillating conversation; and bits of television before going to bed. (The scene looks disturbingly familiar!) This leads to frequent trips to Paris for the hairdressers and some appointments which never were. The husband discovers this, by accident, and suspects a lover.

He hires a private detective to follow his wife and his suspicions are confirmed. Pretending to be a liberated and understanding husband amusedly reviewing his wife's latest conquest, he subsequently visits the lover. The scene is initially tense; but the husband succeeds in relaxing his rival, who becomes sympathetic and frank. Suddenly, something sets the husband off. He kills the lover.

If the film conformed to the level of the scenario, the result would fall somewhere between a B movie and a soap opera. Happily, this is not true. Chabrol omits the unessential details included in lesser films. We are spared watching the details of the detective tailing the wife; the murder is accomplished in approximately eight screen seconds. Toward the beginning of the film, the husband enters the house unexpectedly and discovers his wife talking to a "wrong number." In a few deft strokes, using a well-placed camera zoom and skillful acting by Stephane Audran, Chabrol tells us all we need to know—and in about 12 seconds. A lesser director might have taken more time and bored us with obvious dialogue. Yet each scene seems to have been accorded its due by some intelligent master-planner. Those which contain real human encounters play long enough so you don't feel emotionally cheated. Similarly, we note the problem: Charles (the husband) and Helen (the wife) are in bed. She is passionate; he is tired. She is posed seductively on the bed. He looks at her contentedly and says, "Good night." (How deceptively simple are the significant truths of our lives.)

It is in his directorial choices that Chabrol earns respect. After the murder, he does not make life easy for himself by using Hollywood-like suspense music to do the job for him. Instead, there is no sound but natural sound. (Anyone who has seen "Woman in the Dunes" will remember how effective this can be—*but,* it is much more difficult to make it work.) Once again, the viewer is not bored by superfluous detail like repeated shots of the body or any of the conventional means of artificially building suspense. The film concentrates, as did the murderer, on small details. We see a medium close-up of a pail filled with some French fascimile of Lestoil and a small area of floor. Still in close-up, we watch the husband's hands carefully sponge the blood into the pail and empty the water into the sink. It is interesting, the way this detached concentration on small detail can create suspense.

This is not a conventional whodunnit. We know who did it all along. We are somewhere in the back seat watching, with macabre fascination, the deliberate machinations of this portly, unassuming Walter Mitty-who-acts and, somehow, we hope he won't be caught. The entire sequence of events following the murder is so rich in cinematic imagination that I will leave the viewer to discover them for himself. A few, however, will serve to illustrate: the slow settling of a ruffled bed sheet; the disposal of some peculiar laundry; and a minor auto accident in which the bystanders are so quintessentially French you have to smile and so real you think they're on Candid Camera.

There is an admirable talent in this ability to make the characters real. The scenes of life in French suburbia come too uncomfortably close. There is an air of sadness and compassion as the private detective delivers his information and notes simply, "We'll probably never see

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each other again." And then, there are the moments that define the ambivalence of the married relationship: (1) the couple return from an evening warm with good food and wine. In the darkness, amid the love play, the wife says: "Thank you for the evening, for Michel [her son], for everything." (2) In bed with her lover, she acknowledges her situation: "I couldn't live without my son; my husband couldn't either." (3) The nature of that relationship is delicately captured in a subsequent scene where the wife shares a bubble bath with her son as the husband prepares to leave for work. There are so many small, but well-drawn parts: the "local" in the cafe, the delightfully tipsy wife of a dinner companion, and more importantly, the police officers, who must be among the most human "fuzz" to grace the silver screen.

The acting is consistently impressive, with no small amount of credit due the director. After the murder, in a cozy family scene, the husband and son are playing with a puzzle; and the child, with the characteristic impatience of children, insists rather vehemently that the puzzle cannot be solved because his father has hidden a piece. The wife, who has been feeling generally uneasy about her lover's absence, paces in the background absorbed by her own thoughts. Suddenly, unnerved by the shouting, she purposely spills the puzzle on the floor. Whereupon, the normally well-mannered son explodes, "You're both crazy, I hate you"—and we learn about much more than puzzles.

Chabrol's film is not "arty"; the skillful camera moves, and cuts are always carefully planned to advance the story and not to call attention to themselves. For example, "La Femme Infidèle" ends with a well-executed three-shot, a two-shot, and a zoom. It is necessary to see the film to appreciate why. BARBARA MILLER

BOOKS

Society and the homosexual

The Same Sex

RALPH W. WELTGE, ED.

Pilgrim Press, $5.95

WILLARD GAYLIN

Many of the problems of this book arise from its misleading title and its pretentious subtitle ("An Appraisal of Homosexuality") which lead one to expect a rounded and varied view of the subject. The book originated in a staff consultation sponsored by the United Church of Christ. Had it concentrated on the special interests and expertise of its sponsor it could have been a splendid, specialized contribution to the literature of homosexuality. Instead, in trying to be more, to be a "complete" book, it is reduced to less.

The opening section entitled "Sex Research" discusses sex hardly at all (it is amazing how little discussion there is about sex in the entire book) and attempts no survey of current expansive research in the area. The homosexual is discussed (defended would more accurately suggest the tone) but rarely homosexuality. The orientation is exclusively sociological, never biological. Kinsey's 20-year-old study is treated as gospel, despite the fact that his statistics on homosexuality have been suspect from the time of publication. And Evelyn Hooker's 10-year-old article, presented here as the last word, has been published in almost identical form in at least three books that I know of. All of the articles in this section are reprinted from other books. Finally, there is a repetition of information and discussion that begs for simple editorial attention.

But at the heart of this small (163-page) book are some 70 pages dealing with societal attitudes towards the homosexual and, as is so often the case with the misbegotten projects of man, this heart, at least, is in the right place. It focuses on the discriminatory and prejudicial attitudes of the law and the organized church towards the homosexual.

The most original and interesting section of the book is titled "Sex Ethics" and consists of three articles by churchmen. Here is a special aspect of the sociology of homosexuality that is both significant and neglected. There is room for a volume which deals with ethical considerations of homosexuality from a theological point of view and (not the same thing) a sociological discussion of church attitudes about homosexuality. Despite the title of the section, it deals primarily with the latter. The thrust of the general argument is represented by the statement of Professor Roger Shinn that "whatever judgment may be made on homosexuality, church and society owe to human beings a concern for justice and a respect for dignity and privacy." A statement to which we all can add a resounding "Amen." It is a tribute to Dr. Shinn that his essential humanity dominates the chapter, which is in essence a plea for compassion and understanding. But when we have an ethicist and Christian scholar of the stature of Professor Shinn we want more. In the brief time he allows himself he demonstrates a keen insight and profound knowledge of the ethical issues involved. I, for one, would have liked more of the theologian and less of the pastor. What a pleasure it would have been to have had him really mix it up with Barth, Williams and Thielicke.

There is no greater indictment of

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Ralph Weltge, the editor, than the stinginess with which he treats Weltge, the writer. This article is brilliant, beautifully written, and infuriatingly brief. There is not an idea that is presented that does not have the ring of truth and a touch of freshness. The quality of his thinking and writing can be seen from almost any paragraph. For example: "Anatomy is given, but the meaning and ordering of sexuality is a human creation. . . . To be born a male may be destiny, but to be a man is a human decision and a social construction."

By contrast Neale Secor's article is a disaster. He substitutes prejudice for point of view, and propaganda for polemic. As a result his "Brief for a New Homosexual Ethic," is filled with silly excess and serious misstatement. He assures us that, while throughout history the Western church "has said a loud 'No' to homosexuality," entire cultures, animal life, primitive and recorded history have been saying 'Yes' While I am curious as to what animals have been saying "Yes" to him, I am even more curious as to the source of his data on the ideas from primitive (as distinguished from recorded) history, an area that has been, by definition, closed to all other scholars.

He tells us that "we simply cannot ignore what the social scientists" have been attempting to tell us about homosexuality, and then proceeds to ignore all those modern-day investigators who do not support his brief.

He dismisses psychoanalysis because he implies it has always assumed that homosexuality was a neurosis, when precisely the opposite was so. Freudian theory specifically excluded homosexuality from the area of neuroses, and homosexuals were, therefore, never accepted for treatment. It was only when psychoanalysts began treating patients with phobias, depressions, work inhibitions, migraine, peptic ulcer, etc. who were incidentally homosexual that they were forced to reevaluate homosexuality as a neurosis, contrary to, and with criticism from, the defenders of the traditional Freudian position. His ignorance of Freudian theory is demonstrated in his feeling that Freud stigmatizes homosexuality by seeing it as a product of fixated libido, being unaware that in Freudian theory all culture, all creativity, all social institutions (e.g. friendships) are derivatives of fixated libido. And, to further correct that botched summary of Freud, Freud did not, Reverend Secor, see the homosexual as "fixated at some oral period a long way off from healthy maturation," but fixated at a narcissistic phase quite close, as a matter of fact, to healthy maturation.

He dismisses all of psychiatry because according to him, the "healing professions" should not attempt to be scientifically objective—a preposterous statement ignoring the fact that any medical specialty (surgery, hematology, endocrinology, neurology, *or* psychiatry) will have its therapists and its researchers and the latter, at least, damn well *better* aspire, for all our sakes, to "scientific objectivity."

And finally in one swooping sentence he manages to misrepresent the position of some dozen behavioral scientists. These writers, in opposition to the theory of homosexuality as an inborn phenomenon, demonstrate their belief that homosexuality is the product of environmental factors. Rev. Secor interprets this as their saying that society is the "sick patient," not the homosexual. The irony is that it is precisely these environmentalists (as distinguished from the "born-that-way" group) who tend to define homosexuality as a modifiable and treatable illness or distortion.

Throughout the book there is a good guy-bad guy orientation in which the baddies are identified by their considering homosexuality as an abnormality, sickness, or a developmental flaw. Since so much time is devoted to attacking these positions, they should be somewhere represented. The last section of the book is devoted (as the book jacket says) to giving "equal time." Here is the place then to bring on the endocrinologists, geneticists, psychoanalysts, pediatricians, child development experts, sexologists, urologists, animal psychologists, ecologists, ethologists, experimental psychologists. Bring on *anybody* who will discuss human beings—their bodies and their minds—not just human institutions.

Instead the last section is frittered away by representatives of the "homophile movement" as though these public evangelists of "Gay is Good" speak with any special authority about the private world of the homosexual.

Somewhere there is a wonderful and needed book yet to be written on the interfaces of religion and homosexuality. There is a book from which we could all learn. I can think of no two people better suited to do it than Dr. Shinn and Rev. Weltge.

American Nuncio, Cardinal Aloysius Muench

COLMAN J. BARRY, O.S.B.

St. John's Univ. Press, Collegeville, $5.95

PHILIP GLEASON

Cardinal Muench, his biographer concludes, "was a classical product of the American Catholic ghetto. . . . He was not a modern man nor a secular city man." In view of this background, "How did he develop into a relevant instrument for good? How did he cope so successfully with the environmental involvements coherent to the human experience in the post-Christian world?" Father Barry asks these questions at the end of his book; for the reader who has accompanied him that far, the problem is purely verbal. Muench achieved what he did by being true to his heritage and the best that was in him. Barry's book makes it all very clear. And although most of it is devoted to Muench's work in Germany as representative of the Vatican from 1946 to 1959, American Catholics can learn from it much about themselves.

Born in Milwaukee of Bavarian immigrant parents in 1889, Muench died in Rome as a curial cardinal in 1962. He was never touched by narrow ethnic nationalism, but his German heritage shaped his entire career. In his simplicity of manner, his industriousness and systematic work habits, his love of study, his interest in social problems, and in his loyalty to the church and

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deep personal piety, Muench was an epitome of the best in German-American Catholicism. He grew up in a German Catholic ghetto and attended a seminary founded to train priests for the German immigrant community. But he also took graduate work at the University of Wisconsin and received a doctorate in social science from Fribourg in Switzerland. He combined the traditional with the progressive, just as he combined German and American elements in his experience and character.

After serving as professor and then rector at St. Francis Seminary in Milwaukee, Muench was named bishop of Fargo, North Dakota, in 1935. Eleven years later the same man who recommended him for Fargo, Cardinal Samuel Stritch, suggested to Pope Pius XII that Muench would be the ideal man to represent the Vatican in postwar Germany. The overwhelming American presence in occupied Germany made an ecclesiastic from the United States desirable, and Muench's German background suited him beautifully for the post. He began what he thought would be a temporary assignment as an "apostolic visitator" in 1946. His efficiency and tact made him so valuable to Rome and so well accepted in Germany that he could not be spared again to Fargo. When the German Federal Republic became a sovereign power in 1951, Muench was appointed papal nuncio. By 1959, when he was elevated to the Cardinalate, Muench's health was seriously declining and his last years in Rome were lonely and unproductive.

Four-fifths of the book deals with the years in Germany. For the American reader it opens a fascinating perspective on German Catholicism in the two decades preceding the Second Vatican Council, where the Germans played so conspicuous a role. Part of the fascination arises from the fact that Catholic affairs in Germany were in some respects similar to the United States. But what looks familiar at first sight may turn out to be very different in fact. Controversies over Catholic education, for example, occurred in both countries. But the differing traditions and institutions of Germany and the United States gave quite different form to the two situations.

Much of Muench's attentions was claimed by the Displaced Persons—over two million people of non-German stock who had to be cared for and, if possible, relocated. An even greater problem was the twelve million German Expellees—persons of German ethnic stock required to leave their homes in the Sudetenland, Poland, and other areas, and go to Germany. Muench worked tirelessly and effectively collecting and distributing relief, lobbying in the United States for more generous immigration policies, and channeling assistance to the overburdened German church as it struggled to absorb millions of new members, many of whom were settled in areas virtually empty of Catholics since the Reformation.

This postwar redistribution of the population and mixing up of religious groups resulted in what German Catholics at the time called the "diaspora." Almost twenty years later, Karl Rahner's *The Christian Commitment* introduced this term to the lexicon of American Catholics. But after reading Barry's description of the German situation, one wonders whether the diaspora concept is transferable from Germany to the United States. For German Catholics, "diaspora" meant the end of confessional territories or religiously homogeneous regions. But such territories never existed in the same manner in this country. It would be worth further study to determine whether German analyses of, or prescriptions for dealing with, the "diaspora situation" have universal validity or whether their applicability is confined to places where the confessional territory system has recently broken down.

Not many American Catholics have a very clear idea of what Vatican diplomats do, or what concordats are, or why the whole business is so important. It is no discredit to Muench to say that he shared the typical American vagueness on these points before he went to Germany. His work there showed both the potentialities and limitations of the papal diplomatic system. He functioned best before he became fully caught up in the more traditional aspects of the work. After Germany was free and he became nuncio, the diplomatic and legal demands of keeping things in line with the Concordat of 1933 left him little energy for the more informal and personal contacts he cultivated so well. In this he resembled that other unorthodox papal diplomat, Angelo Roncalli. It is not mere sentimentalism to liken him to Pope John, for they were both embodiments of traditional Catholicism who transcended its limitations. We need to know about men like these, and Father Barry deserves our gratitude for his splendid delineation of Aloysius Cardinal Muench.

COMMONWEAL PAPERS 4

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Ambassador's Journal: A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

Houghton, Mifflin, $10

PHILIP TRACY

Journals are usually dull. The dishonest ones are either full of lies or marred by self-serving recollections. The more accurate accounts repeatedly reveal how important men lead lives as tedious as our own. Their pace may be more frantic, but when put to words in

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journal form, the day-to-day inconveniences and petty triumphs are given equal stature with the momentous events in which the author is involved. The truly great journals tell us little of the public lives of their authors but instead concentrate on external events or internal struggles. Galbraith's book falls somewhere between the second and third category and unfortunately touches the first from time to time.

The Kennedy years! From the mudhole where we sit, with all our leaders dead or discredited, those brief three years are remembered as if each were as crisp and as promising as the day John Kennedy took office. Of course they weren't. Most of our cities were starting to shatter, but no seismograph existed to measure the shock waves at the time. The South was stepping up its mass deportation program, but that wasn't discovered until most of the deportees were already settled in the North. The Bay of Pigs, Berlin, Cuba and President Diem are blurred if not forgotten in our lust for the glories of the past.

Part of the past comes to us from the numerous books of those who helped to shape it. Literate and talented men for the most part, the cumulative effect of their obviously biased histories has helped build the myth of the Kennedy years as much as anything else. The only blessing Richard Nixon may provide us is that the men around him do not seem capable of producing such well written justifications.

If one were to accept Mr. Galbraith's version of history, the Kennedy Administration was one long struggle against inherited problems, tenured bureaucrats and a world which blindly refused to acknowledge that American foreign policy had dramatically shifted away from the cold-war mentality. All the villains were hired by Eisenhower; only the protective cloak of civil service seniority kept the State Department cluttered with mental midgets. Never a remark on why Rusk was allowed to continue the dismal tradition of our feudal foreign service, long after it was clear that the good Secretary was part of the problem. The "nasty situations" were always left-overs. Cuba, the SEATO pact and of course Vietnam are all described as ancient and complex burdens rather than current disasters that required immediate rectification.

Since the body of the book concerns Galbraith's two years as ambassador to India, the whitewash doesn't permeate throughout. The ambassador is much more deliberate in relating his own triumphs and failures than those of the Administration he served.

As he readily admits, Galbraith had a great many advantages not usually accorded an ambassador. His access to the President through private correspondence and Kennedy's immediate staff are luxuries for which most diplomats would give their right arms. As a world-renowned economist who had previously visited India, Galbraith was also viewed very favorably by Nehru and the Indian government. Considering these assets, one assumes that much of what Galbraith accomplished in changing the Indian view of the United States was more a matter of diplomatic confidence than diplomatic finesse. As ambassador, Galbraith reveals himself, somewhat unintentionally, as a diligent economist trapped by the confining protocol of diplomatic conduct. He is more at ease when talking to Washington than New Delhi, when discussing economic aid rather than border disputes.

If Galbraith's awkward moments are difficult to recognize at first, it is because he maintains, throughout the book, the sharp and humorous style for which he is famous. One drawback is the description of endless trips to outlying districts of India and the detailed accounts of the humdrum an ambassador must endure while paying ceremonial visits. Three-sentence descriptions of minor Indian officials are about as useful as three-dollar bills. The parties, the food and the ambassador's sinus condition are really a bit too much and God help anyone who tries to read the maps.

For the most part, however, the book is informative and lively. The sections that deal with Goa, the Indian-Chinese border dispute and the Kashmir question, are particularly so, especially to

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someone not familiar with the background of these incidents. While Galbraith does add to the mythical history of the Kennedy years, the bias is understandable; and given our latest horror in the White House, the myth may keep us from abandoning hope.

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REVIEWERS

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(Continued from page 325)

which have nothing to do with the New Economics. These political ends, whatever worthy purpose some may have seen in them—and a dwindling number may still see—have been first the increased arming or militarization of our country and its economy and then the encouragement and escalation of the most cruel, unpopular and senseless war in our history.

What did most, well-placed New Economists say in the golden Kennedy years when the arms race was heated up in response to a fictitious "missile gap," and a vast expansion of our capability to fight conventional wars (two and one-half such wars at a time) was carried out? Did they content themselves with assuring the President that because the economy had been sluggish it could well afford these new "defense" expenditures, and that they would actually help get the "economy moving again"? And did they not join in ridiculing the "antiquated" Eisenhower notions that excessive military expenditures might bankrupt the nation and even do serious injury to the well-being of the body politic, as we were so surprisingly warned in a farewell Presiden-

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tial address? As Du Boff points out, they assured presidents and public alike that we could have guns and butter too. They were sensitive to the political needs of the Administration which they served or with which they identified, but surprisingly insensitive to the need to inform politicians and people of the real costs of the policies we were pursuing.

New Economists might well have said, over and over again, that there are two roads to full employment, the wasteful, Spartan way of war and the progressive abundant path of peace. The two roads do diverge and no resurrection of "guns and butter" slogans by Walter Heller could keep them together. The only "New Frontier" we have established has been far off in Southeast Asia—and a notoriously unsettled frontier at that. And the "Great Society" has proved a bitter illusion to the idealists it briefly inspired and to masses to whom it was beginning to give a glimmer of hope.

We did have pressing needs at home —to liberate an oppressed people in our midst, to educate a generation, to meet explosive urban problems engendered by massive population movements piled on decades of neglect, to reverse a cumulating deficit in housing, to meet anticipated transportation tie-ups without parallel and even to save us all from fatally fouling our own nests in the pollution of land, water and air. It would have been costly to meet these needs, but for once we had a nation and an economy that could go far to do so. This would have required dedication of much of the country's resources of body, mind and machine and—in a democratic society —an enlightened awareness on the part of the citizenry of relative costs and benefits, and an informed decision to go ahead.

To the vital task of informing a government and its people of the classical economic necessity of choice—choice in the allocation of resources to war or to peace, New Economists were, with honorable but far-too-few exceptions, singularly unresponsive. The heavy military commitments were accepted and their costs were ignored or played down. Thus as "liberals" pushed fitfully to cure some of our domestic ills, with war and military expenditures untouchable, the burdens of domestic progress were inopportunely projected to lower and middle class masses increasingly hostile to bearing them. And the brave new programs limped along, inadequately funded, provoking more irritation and denunciation than accomplishment, or died a-borning. As Walter Lippmann warned long ago, whatever the beguiling words of New Economists blinded by their higher political loyalties, the political reality of a war economy would prevent us from summoning the strength to solve our true national problems.

But the New Economists did not generally so warn. Rather many (though not all of us!) called for the higher taxes and tighter money which seemed the most efficient way to gear the economy to what was then Johnson's war. And in so doing, those who had previously assured us airily that we could (and would?) have guns and butter now compounded that bit of self and mass deception with the assurance that the higher tax rates, in particular, would curb inflation and would protect the nearly abortive efforts of those trying to reset priorities! Of course, what actually transpired was that the political price of the increased tax rates proved to be further curbs on non-military government spending. And while military spending continued to rise, so did the rate of inflation, reaching new heights long after the tax increases had been confidently predicted to check it.

So, after pointing to record after record of unparalleled success, New Economists, along with the political groups with which they became identified, have suffered a severe ebb in fortunes. The business press and the conventional wisdom have shifted to other older currents of thought, which look to monetary policy—if they look to government policy at all—for salvation. And those tempted by the doctrines of the New Left may well wonder, not merely where many of the New Economists have now gone, but just what they were doing during the decade which should have been theirs and now twists to its troubled end.

ROBERT EISNER
Professor of Economics,
Northwestern University

Ave . . . atque Vale?

Notre Dame, Ind.

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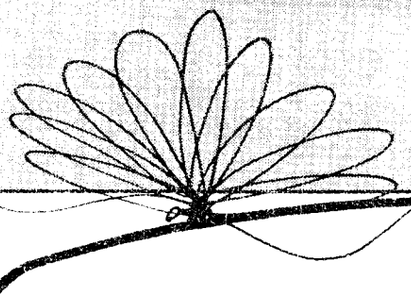

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